

12/28/73

Dear Diane,

Your letter of the 24th, postmarked the 26th, came this morning. But it has been a day that reminds me of Columbus Day, 1968, which you may or may not remember. There is nothing like a good line to help me remember. So, I remember ~~xxx~~ it and a trip into St. Tammany's that followed.

There was this young woman in the coffee shop of a motel with three (shall I say?) gentlemen. She said she could not remember a particular name. Then she excused herself, saying she had to go to "the little girl's room." I was a little surprised at this because she looked to me like a big girl, not a little girl. Anyway, she got through the doorway when suddenly she came back, all smiles, to announce, "I remember the name. It is Leake."

And that was his name. Imagine!

The combination of the letter and the need for three trips to complete one mission for me did bring this back. It has been that kind of day. Phone, and Lil is not home today.

Oh, I did not get the letter that included the picture you drew of me. I have one, sort of a bespectacled knight with a pen for a lance. But that was from what I believe for you was a happier day. Maybe you can draw it again. If Magnolia's mood - and yours - permit?

I wish you could find time, with all you have, to say why you are in solitary and why you decided on a hunger strike. (I understand from an expert that total abstinence doesn't work. He has a special, minimal liquid diet. He was near here one day, I went and got him, and that was the day our Mixmaster decided to strike. He blends it all, honey and stuff.)

But if you haven't told me why you don't have to pay for room and board, I guess you'll have nothing to say about why isolation. Or about the other things I've been wanting to hear about.

However, a stamped envelope is enclosed. You'll have to cross out the return address and put in your own special durance vile.

You don't want to feel that after five days in the hole you are about to go crazy. I know a cat (different whiskers) who has been in solitary for a year and a half and he seems to be percolating still. You can hack it. Where's that women's lib spirit?

Do you want me to argue with the new lawyer who says you are crazy and wants you to say so in court so he can shift you to the funny farm? If you have had \$160,000 laid on you and you are in the hole and you won't do that little thing, ipso facto, you gotta be crazy! Besides, aren't you? If you weren't, would you be where you are. Why waste it? If you don't want to be anywhere else, aren't you bananas?

Of course, not knowing either the charges or the diagnoses, from the guy who kept losing Mercedes radiator adornments to Rees, I can't have a more scientific opinion. Nor do I know what the "time" there would be. For me one day would be too much!

If you need anything, like a little radio or something to read, let me know.

And if you don't hear from M.O., it seems that Connick beat Jim, who is hollering "foul" and demanding recount. Doesn't everyone down there? And aren't they all crooked counts, or otherwise crooked?

I didn't know how to wish you a "Merry Christmas" and I can't do any better with a "Happy New Year." Guess the best I can do is hope that things improve some and that you can keep it all together.

We've got some rather attractive Xmas tree decorations on a seven-foot white pine. Several were once Masonite. Bet I've got the only Masonite ornaments in the state! The rest of the decorations are older than the artist who made them. They'll come off before it is planted. With hope.